



How old are you now?

I'm 15.

I hear that you're doing so well in school that you skipped a grade?

Yes, I did. I'm a junior now in high school.

Wow, what do you want to be when you grow up?

I want to be a cosmetologist or a forensic scientist.

You know, that's so interesting that you mention forensic scientist because other than being a victims' rights advocate and a prosecutor, I always thought about being a forensic scientist or a forensic diver. And I find it interesting that you said that.

I've seen alot. I think it's a mix now between wanting to help people feel better about themselves and helping stop people who hurt other people.

It's all about what you can do for someone else, isn't it?

I'm 15. I'm not sure yet. I've been told that I'm going to have problems later. I don't feel them yet. So the next thing I'm told is that I should start preparing early for the troubles that will inevitably come. It has been suggested to me that I can help others and save myself in some sense.

You're not doing this entirely for yourself. People may misunderstand.

I don't know. I'm saying I'm trying to work it out. I'm trying to explain what will happen. I think it's very difficult.

You'll be fine.

Thank you. I hope so. It's nice of you to say that.

First, it's cheap. Thin. Not necessarily all wrong because of just that. The main problem is wanting the quote to stand as it is. As in what I only got from someone else. But then not having it re-read where I'm making a statement about what wasn't explained properly. About how ugly a simple quote exists between projection and denial. As if I'm laying blame. Or highlighting doggerel nature as dismissed or incorrectly indulged. Organizing fake limits and inconsequential fantasies. Still frustrated, recognize wretched facts. Then everything next is extrapolation. So. Counter the impressive creative act with stomps for more information from those who know more than you but don't feel the same sickening lust for honesty, exposure, limp rights, bitches. Fact is, I try hardest to not fuck it up. Keep it as it is. I have to, it's not really something I can pretend is a decision. I like the way it still talks sweet as fuck after all these years.

There's more now. The photos aren't mine. Whatever I looked for, somehow, was destroyed by replacements. The backless deluge of stills,

blindly shared, no longer sifted by desperate low leveled luckies and scroungers, yanked the details away from rape to parenthood, degenerate to pride. Listened to as one voice, piled over my backseat cocksuckers and kitchen staffers in tiresome mass; who cares if you fucked her. I want to see her fucked. Or no sale. Not really. It'd be more like scrolling through adoption possibilities than rape victims. And only scowling over the kind of eyes and tits and smiles you'd prefer seeing every day.

You used to look through school yearbooks, didn't you?

I was looking for the ones that hadn't matured as quickly, or as correctly, as her friends and betters. And, anyway, I kept finding the boys were closer to what I probably wanted.

Which was?

Always started at the wrong fucking place. I'd hone wrong. Spend alot of time shifting and researching the same fucking idea. Always. Same start. After I tore out the page, I knew I wasn't going to do it again. That I couldn't. Not there, I wouldn't be able to go back, that's certain. I'd have to go somewhere else, find somewhere else. But probably, still, same fucking idea. Same kind of look. Only maybe better. Probably not. I could pin it down, past the central idiocy that made me suspect to others. But I can't imagine that telling you what sort of a type I'd settle on, in, or pursue. Doesn't really ever bring it back to the same pathetic central idiocy. It was my fault though, I always figured it was obvious to someone else.

So the one that looks up and momentarily quells her hatred and rage and instead molds it all into self respect and one last shot, purses her lipstick, steels her eyes, extends her wasp chin and slithers: "I'm not a piece of junk." Is lying.

Second, I tell myself, I don't need to see it anymore. Sounds like a program. A healthful decision. But I don't get to see it anymore, do I? I could see even more than I ever have. I hope. I've collected more anecdotes about not finding it than I have worthwhile photos and films though. Which I know is a mistake, somehow. In the telling. The -always- phony confession, the loud bravery. But not personally. I haven't ever intentionally stayed away from it. I'd like to make that clear. Because it really does seem to be a problem. I do this alot. Always. I can't imagine a life that doesn't look forward to more, doesn't strain directly there.

It doesn't seem quite so aggressive. You don't have to answer these questions. There's nothing to figure out, is there?

Pernicious, I guess. The questions aren't all that important, are they?

You're not saying they don't help, are you?

It's what old men do. It's worse when, as a young man, they haven't been made aware of what they're doing. Their privilege is annoying. It creates an excuse, a naiveté that their audience immediately pounces on. To discount. It distracts. It's not what I'm looking for, me anyway. Can't even do the thinking without the excuses running counter as if searching for a ridiculous support system or clause. All those years spotting the sickness of deeply lonely men and requiring lonely rejected kids. As if grooming, an in, starts the appeal. I was happiest when I was alone. I don't say that enough, old men fuck it up, the way it sounds in any kind of public. Being happy. I spent more time there though, than ruined it.

I'll pay you not to look or just don't stop me. All these men know it's not therapy. So they opt for medicine.

I end up with complaints. Intuition just preceding exhaustion. Or not only exhaustion, then. I'm not allowed to see these pigs as a group finally. The ones that've been doing this for as long as I have. They shouldn't annoy me. I'm supposed to see them as actually doing what I would prefer to be doing. I don't get a level of my own after all these fucking lonely self-exciting years and vivid moments. Skipping the nag that this is detrimental or violently antithetical to a greater fucking something stupid good. Not better. Who gives a fuck about what these others owned. This is childish. I'm not obsessed, I'm overly excited. I don't have to watch myself as carefully as I'm instructed to.

What allows you to accept such sympathy. Don't you get tired of it?

I've been watching you get fucked. I can tell others less like you to watch you make the mistakes they wouldn't anyway. It works that way, actually. She's lifeless. Bored. You can appreciate a bad painting for what it charmingly fails to reify. But you'd get tied up emotionally. You'd find some language tricks to appreciate the telling. The sympathetic review that works too fucking well, oddly. She's not supposed to enjoy this, maybe. She's fighting against her truer self. Or it's proof that it's impossible. Evidence that it's a man being as ugly as selfish is, hideous as low ebb. And yet, your options, just these, started how fucking far back. It's very exciting, all that language that got siphoned out; it's no longer sex, it's no longer words found inside of your mouth or behind something even less tangible. It's rape. That's all. He's not even enjoying himself.

How could he. How could he fucking be doing anything else but simultaneously trying to make both of them pretty. How pretty. Stay adult

enough to prove grateful appreciation.

Missed greater applications. Important subtleties mined to take me fucking away from simpleton focus, reductive monomania, to repeat. I end up sounding like any other old post-contrite harridan. I'll rely on the quote eventually. Because I want to. You'd have no idea that I like the quotes this much unless I tell you exactly that. I'll explain how much, hopefully, I really do dedicate myself to it. Those specific words. And I do wish there was more. But I'm not complaining. It has everything to do with the jurors talking about how much they're damaged by what they saw. And there's Duncan talking about turning the jurors into his victims. But he's not saying that sadistically. He's, quite correctly, detailing the role he's been offered in the courtroom. Something inexact, there only, as any forum not being fair. Sick. Turning his peers into his victims means he won't be judged correctly. Having already established guilt, using the preferred word victims. He's not shifting personal blame but comparatively implicating hypocrites.

After 22 months in the program, Mr. Duncan has shown an unwillingness to modify his sexually deviant behaviors, and has chosen not to commit himself to program techniques. In responding to our treatment process, there appears to be an unwillingness to internalize those controls the program attempts to install. He has a constant need to maintain secrecy around his deviant sexual fantasies. When confronted for his deviant sexual fantasies, he becomes close-minded and argumentative with his group.

I'd like to compound the images and measly words. Instead they gnaw one to the next. It's not confusing, snide, overwhelming. The opposite. Easier to drop a few levels though, when talking at dolts. The video was termed "sexually sadistic". By, what, cops, observers, repeaters, officially paid. And I'd never even imagine publishing the photos of, say, the toy cars that Dylan played with, left at one crime scene or another, or the swimsuit Shasta wore in her front yard when Duncan first saw her. I wouldn't allow the photos of the old log that Duncan used off the dirt to seal closed the road to the cabin to stand in for a merest suggestion of intent or promise. The cabin that's since been demolished, that had bumper stickers plastered to the no trespassing notices amended to killing Duncan, the house that Shasta and Dylan previously grew bent at was torn down and broadcast. Old furniture and broken wood beams and planks and walls crumbled and piled as if to end bad memories instead of bad dreams and sad hopeless faults and wishes.

I would just like to state for the record, before the jury comes in so that it won't be prejudicial, that I strongly object. And I feel like basically this video

will be turning the jurors into my victims so that I will be tried not by a jury of peers, but a jury of victims.

They're liars. Contained within his understanding of victims. I guarantee you. Shouldn't be allowed to pretend that they're influenced unfairly by the footage. Their future lipsticked anecdotes of how miserable and special they are all at once. Formed as soon as they hear it. Sell, believe, produce strength of purpose. Go through the ordeal. Just not for me, not for sick people. But for healthy giving careful people. Those, you know, I don't get.

Duncan told the jury that he'd like to make a statement. He was interrupted about evidentiary procedure and thrown off track. But he was essentially, if not specifically, stating that he wasn't quite sure of the correct way to get this information out. He ended up talking about truth, facts actually. And he was saying, more than anything else, that he wanted to answer questions. He wanted these people to have the information that was tilting around him and he was asking for a way to make it catch. He needed the questions. From someone who was listening very carefully. Not in the way he had forced himself to nit-pick. Became sick as any fussy actor, sick of the method he correctly learned to despise in others. I find that very frustrating. And I won't make a human point out of it. A grieving point being that ugly section that sounds like tragedy instead of revenge. There could have been more, which is what a plea tends to always lead with. And that burn that shows him how easy it is to become tools like them, how suddenly you curve, mimic, like a fall-back. He couldn't get help, all that terrible film of him trying to shout at a wall. The film that I'd make. I've talked to walls before. Only matters when you know that the wall is better at responding correctly. In this case, the wall wasn't better. Pick a new one. Start stupid, these insects. And you end up looking human -wanting, frail, struggling- because you kept trying and failing, fuck you, he says, finally. Goes off to his cell. Don't act like you had questions. Don't act as if I didn't. I, your honor, enjoy the questions. Look at what I've done. You take your redemption pigging somewhere less precise, don't insult the work I've done. The precision. Just don't do it in front of me. OK? I gave you much more than that. You could be ashamed but, even when you lie like me, you'll only be profiteering, second-best.

She wasn't a total lunatic. She didn't think the dog was evil or trying to get her. She was in a terrible state but all the while, a friend of her's told me later, she just hated the dog. She said she fucking hated the way it was cared

for and doted on and fucking stupid. And she wanted to see it in pain and screaming and helpless.

Her therapy will run this way now, take her around those thoughts in the middle mud. Her madness, her pain, her imaginary unrealized rage squashed under her difficult constant readjustment. I can't, I told her, look at her talking about what she wants from men or what I did to her that wasn't enough any longer. I know enough by now to look for dumb pornography like this but not even specific enough, as much as therapy or martyr'd umbrage or pig constant indulgence as I'd prefer it to last or explode. It's as miserable to watch her lie, struggle sexually to evaluate. That's the lipstick, Dear. Think of it this way. It's not the act that brings us together. Fucking infants. Like killing, petting, filming dogs. Or each reason drained down to graspable impairment decisions. Not degrees in failure or psychotherapy. It's aesthetics. It's the actors, the gentlemen in the films, talking their tiny selves. It is aesthetics, Shasta. No one will ever be good or kind enough. And I deeply regret all that you'll miss or ignore. While you protect yourself. That's my job, selflessly shoved away from you.

This seems right.

Shasta, poor dear, watched the video afterward. She saw what happened. I could make this about what happened to Dylan. The information that slides into my eyes if I was that lucky. About exactly what happened to Dylan and how Duncan reacted as he did it. What, I suppose, he really wanted when he got to. Or what he had. And to make that about Shasta watching it. Would seem obviously only half of what's swirling around. Get it all in at once. You have to talk about that. I have to do this. All at once. That's what I want to do. Looking at photos of naked boys instead of naked girls or even naked men with insistent erections, covered in blood, as I'm told, would make those choices all one as they get further and further from the noise. Addition. The photos won't kill it either. You don't get to sound like someone who has everything already. Middle-aged men masturbated staring directly at who gives a fuck. Shasta in a dwarfing room of cops and therapists helping her through her re-watching the footage. We're sorry. And we need the details. And we're cruel. Bastards, prostitutes, creeps. We know what to listen for. Don't worry so fucking much. I'm too desperate to create trauma, too intent on having this be less than that forced.

If I tell them I masturbate to them. If I show them. How I think of those red lips on such a little girl and imagine the brain numbing pain behind such tight bones.

I know I don't pull gender.

You're old enough to know better. It switched too easily, too early.
Same as age.

Do you find it more difficult as you get older? Or less, by far? Make it easier.

This is also true. I brought cheap walgreens lipstick to the Bijou. When I was recreationally ritualistically ill. I thought I'd give it to one of the cocksuckers. Such was, I'd repeat, my contempt, my fragile mentality only if acceptable. Could've known I would sit in semi-faggot public and paint it on balls and erection and fingers and beat myself off over and over again. Retard. Scroll reminders of the much more I have to forget. How I have to stay on my regimen. But I wasn't at home then, was I?

It is better than that, isn't it? Every time I've said it doesn't matter. That I don't have to see it again. And when I've seen it, I've known as quick as fuck, that seeing it is better. Than thinking about it. It's the clearest experience I can imagine. I don't imagine it anymore, you understand. From the very first time I recall it, I wish that would have changed more after all these years. Not to be so dumbstruck. And it gets worse inside that particular conversation. I'll tell you how. Because I do not think these men who dedicate their lives to this are doing something I'd like to do. Which, I think, I'd be willing to do. Just, you know, doctor, it doesn't seem like it works. Even now. And one more bit, it really does come across right away as ugly and as violent as they say. The people who haven't seen child pornography say that. And, fuck me, that's why I haven't apologized to the right people all these years. The ones that don't know how bad it is actually do know. How could you decide not to want to see that, then? I mean, I indignantly ask myself that. Why wouldn't I want to see that.

She was about the age you were when you were kidnapped. What went through your mind when you heard about Jessica's kidnap?

I just know that it was heart-breaking hearing about it, you know, just not knowing if that little girl was going to be found or was going to be found alive, like I was, or you know, was going to, you know, just end up in a bad situation. And that just made me really upset. And you know...

Shasta, when you were first taken away from your home, away from your family, I imagine that as a child, that -do you understand what's happening? Do you remember understanding what was going on?

No. I was really confused.

At this point in life, do you have clear memories of everything, or is a lot

of it blacked out and fuzzy so you really can't remember it?

No, I actually remember all of it. It's too detailed to forget. It's not something that anybody could forget.

It was little Bobby, I'm told, that grabbed his parents' hands as they all walked through the airport on their return towards home and said "we have to be brave". And then added it was what Arnold would want of them.

She should have offered her child more than a dirty smudged mirror in a peeling and running bathroom when she got home from a dirty hot school every damn day. Where were the cops? And the doctors who were supposed to save her? And the fucking psychiatrists who could have done some trepanning into that evil dog's motherfucking bursting crack head before he was let out on the streets with his glass dick and his screaming pussy hunting cock. Dogs don't need help. They need to be put down.

You're not going to sit there and get every little detail. These boys, sleeping, photographed by mothers, not even fathers, start with telling me how they look. Don't make it sad. Don't make it a memory. No therapy. Not one inch or second of how you've learned to frame. One more drunk phonecall and I stop picking up, sad fuck. My mistake. You can probably tell me more than you thought you had in you.

Photos of Duncan dressed up like a woman, named itself Jazzy Jet. A beginner's tranny prostitute I was with in London, reminds me to remake this. But it works against itself. I can tell others, since this is all about what happens in language, not what language forbids. Wrong medium, Goon. I like that he would create this bad sort of play. Flopping around on a table, not knowing his stupefied sexuality; not understanding what it is he's talking about. At himself. But hunting for guys with hard-ons, cocks that get hard just by putting on women's clothes. I've seen that as well. And they resent it, don't they? Needing others to fuck you like you want to get fucked. By yourself. The ones that don't are the sick as fuck ones. These morons who are so comfortable with their rapidity, fucked-up as they slither convinced. I'm supposed to show them sympathy, ceremony. Since they aren't hurting anyone. Don't think they've made the right choice either. Me sucking off guys in lingerie isn't me fucking Duncan or other child molesters. Like-minds even. Then you have to go back and repeat. And what you're repeating is this: my first time.... Then getting older means progressing, means getting over these images. Delighting in memory rather than appropriation. Still, listening to my very good baby girl Shasta stay at her original age. Not the fifteen-year-old who isn't without her very specific, now squeezed and

shunted, appeal. But keeping that interview footage. I'm telling myself all the fucking time, like some lunatic, that having flesh in your mouth isn't edifying or enough or warranted. And that I'm perfectly correct in knowing exactly why it's ugly. I know why I'd rather not have that. Anymore sounds like it used to be okay. It wasn't. I'm not a kid anymore. Just don't be one of these deepened trolls replacing the most pedestrian activity with search. You don't replace it at all. You aren't looking for more, either, Pepper. Remaining correct. That's what works. That doesn't come off badly? You can't sell that. Only works if you stay perfectly quiet.

Takes alot of work. Too much. And little has changed.

He also displays a charming tendency towards impotence when he has to fuck women and in both films resorts to faked cum shots when orgasms are required of him.

Tell the wrong guy. I like it when they're so immature they don't suspect they can cum. These older fattier hogs don't know what else to do. They suck and lick as if it's what everyone will want eventually or soon. That's what you do, they say. They lick. Lip. Smile. Look up and wait, lick, lap, wiggle again.

Because I used to look at these men and, honestly, you couldn't do otherwise, be filled with revulsion. They'd be so raw and intensely focused all at once. And I'd, at least, think there has to be more for you. More than this. Again as often as obvious. And I'd think as I got older that I shouldn't fight that. That I could have an answer that made life simple. Not that what I do isn't simple. Neat, clean, lists. Just that I should like what I've had offered as much as I could keep following the rest of what life kind-of keeps hidden. Figured out, at the very same time, now, that these men were wrong. And that is what I was seeing in the kind of pornography that was easily the best thing I ever saw. The fact that these men. It is a fact. These men were so viscerally diarrhetic in what they performed under themselves. While someone else was watching. Saving their money. These lucky pigs, hulking and as insistent as any good tasting hard cock anyone else ever had, were reduced on some liar's list of degrees and rules to this. This, Doll, was going to stop here. I'd tell them. Unless they had photos of their kids. I'd ask for girls and around Shasta's convenience store age.

And all the cunts that talk about me should be talking about her. And what I've done to her. Instead of what they do.

Their fathers turned out to be meth makers and shifters and farmers. Fawning over lies and disinterest. Mothers are so more frequently utterly indiscriminate.

I think it is about being frightened. That's its formal quality. Being brave or getting what you want, even stupidly what you wanted, isn't available in firsthand art. I'm not talking about experience because I'm scared to fucking death of feeling something more human, coined, than I'm willing to evade from art, drifted. It sounds safe and convenient and afraid. And I come with a background that doesn't include trauma. One that seems to mimic apology to those who brag or enlist the enlightened few to their cause. To the injustices that run or ruin a life worth living alcohically. I'm not quite happy to be only here. If it sounds too threepenny to become this parody of fear, then I get it from the reproductions that still mean more to me than the act, just discount and move past. Shasta's father was screaming outside the courtroom just before the videos of Dylan being tortured were shown to the jury. He got in an argument with a courtroom artist because he was insisting that the gentleman had no real excuse to watch his child being murdered. The jury did. The judge and the lawyers. But not an audience. He even needed the windows blocked. And after the courtroom artist told Mr. Groene that he wasn't going to watch his son being sexually tortured and murdered, Groene apologized. He had been screaming that he was going to make a citizen's arrest. The video has been destroyed. That's what makes sense. I'm not sure if I'm right about that. Lucky hard drive, I figure. I find it hard to imagine. I've imagined the stills so often. Tried to glean as many actual descriptions of what was shown to Shasta and then in court, but I don't come up with enough. Enough being a list of scenes. I've heard newscasters talk about it. That's where I get the descriptions. Comes with a heavy dose of their pain and disgust at even the words they have to impart. And I have to fuck it up by confusing what I've seen with what I'd like to see and it only, both sides of what I've just said, involves fucking watching something. Watching fucking. Everything is only ever imagined, I don't care what it is that I've actually laid my fingers on. Grabbed something. Seen it. I think of it as a prayer. I say it as a prayer. Please. Don't let him get hurt. Let him stay safe. Let him grow up as beautiful and symmetrical and serene as life presents, sadly, away from these irrational fears of mine.

One that's too stupid to make something up with a tad more reliable reality, the other too unstudied to know that it shouldn't be included.

Assaulted by having someone see his daughter, strangers he can't control, watch a film in court. Of an act that she witnessed, represented. What did you think, he'd ask everyone. What were you expecting. And now. Which is all hard to create to form. Real time, you'd get a short film of her

then watching the film that was made fucking in front of her. Her watching a replay. And she answered the questions. I've got that. Everything she says, I'd say as the director, is about the impossibility of making words that an audience of pigs could stand outside in front of her face, drugs and stumble and catch from her pretty mouth. And the father staring down at his own crotch. To say, not see, I know the part pretty well already. I know what you pigs do. I know what you're here for and I know what's mine and you know the job here is to protect it. Whereby he actually does protect it. And Shasta becomes a trade school idiot. Unsmothered, uncontrolled version. Because she believes that. All that love that smells like condescending trite intricacies, she'd fucking repeat that garbage for as long as she's allowed to live on this planet, rolling down every day, every hour, down to some point of pure stupidity that never reaches stop or purity. She'll become worthless. To me. Another mistake. Not that she could have better. Have been better. There's the side that wants to set up degrees and protection and selflessness but Duncan said no to begin with and that's a very safe, lucky event. Frankly, as is the concept that her father didn't take care of her. With his drug and day-long biker fantasies. His dumb traveling show of self and boredom for the small audience, when quiet, just as wrong as Duncan. Except for the faulty extant evidence reasoning. The selfishness. And Shasta's entitlement. I don't care what kind of niggers niggers produce. I don't care what kind of excuses white trash fail to employ to save their skin when they need to explain why they became rats. I know it'll start with their kids. I don't care why he had them. Why he liked meth. I don't believe that their addictions are addictions. Duncan's included. You need to touch something, yes? That's what you're offered or not. Stop talking to members only.

Not like one of these tortured fucking pedophile rats that thinks this may be bad for them. I do protect it, cunt. That would be the difference. I don't fucking touch it.

I don't think I should ask Mr. Groene for much. Not that I don't get the chance. You'd be surprised. He'd not be one of the men that I feel some affinity with, different from what I'd like to guess for myself. An ugly self, he'd keep hectoring. You fucking change, cunt. You do better and get back to me. You pay your own doctor bills and see how well you do shutting the fuck up about it. Those men who'd get easily convinced to do something they'd like to do, I have no idea what they think later. I know the men who've cried to me, told me that I wasn't there for them, that I didn't do enough for them, that I didn't do what I promised them somehow before I finally said. Either

that it wasn't enough that I got in return, that they'd turned deeply offensive in their constant begging. Or that they were asking me to give up too much. And that I was sick of that as well. I didn't care enough to keep fucking helping them through their sickness prowls and mounting agreeables. It's an easy move. I just want to see you be yourself, you'd lie. I just want you to get a nice thick hard-on and masturbate while I watch. Just watch like a favor. An actor. Show witless appreciation. And the next step is, fuck do I care, you put your mouth on it. Finish it off like that film needs an ending or a start. After the audience doesn't get to see what happens next. You don't get to see it. These men, Mr. Groene, they've seen a bit more. I swear, I don't think what he felt was inside your daughter, or more inside him, and while your boy was hung up naked from a beam in front of him. The camera was on a tripod. I don't think you mind that as much as the watching he did. He had some information on you, didn't he? He had something you weren't going to know. You need to stop lying. Why that becomes important in art, more than in court, I can't really say. I can spy, of course, but there's that stupidity you'll have to get over. And your public is too common to think inside and out for you. With you in the room. You're not going to get it. It matters more, that much we agree on. So the father is next. His chance at the prison wall. And his screaming gets read as pain. And then I'm waiting my turn. And when I get up, fuck me, what do I do? I turn around back at this sightless insect and ask him. Because I know there's an audience. I know there's film running. Ask him: You expect me to lick the wall, don't you? I've already done it though. I knew that was the correct response. Because I was talking in a tone that they'd not hear as familiar. He'd act like he knew it.

All the sex that happens between this potbellied pig fuck and the little effeminate boy is so unimportant to me. I've seen the sex before.

The first scene in my movie, I'd sit down and tell Dad, is just a close-up of an adult vagina. With a voice over. The faggot with the camera stuck in his face, looking down at a cunt, a pretty cunt if you want, Dad, and hog is talking out alterity like a lesson for the audience. Look how wet she is, Dad. Slides a finger in. You know what, she put my finger there. To show me how wet she was. No, that's not it, Dad. It was because she wanted a finger in there. Just fucking stick something in there, Dad. That's the first scene because anything else stays there. Not with you fucking some future hopeless, literally, meth-head yearning porch fuck. But someone else filming something you understand. Something you take away. Something you didn't do. Let's figure out what something means, cuntlapper. Let's hear you talk.

Outloud. Describe what you saw, analysand. What did your friends learn. About what you do for what you really are. About what something else happened. What little were you expecting. Sat down, in the police station, you know, that footage of your skinny arm-crossed daughter following Duncan, her rapist, her provider, her dog, around a small store looking for candy bars or potato chips. What kind of salt would make poor little you happy for a few minutes while you focus and forget the other constants. I'm pretty sure she could make an argument for her bones hurting. You know that part that tells you. That you might be sick. Or might be unknown happy after exercise. I think she was just tired. One place to another. And what she saw had to be there, still. She said it made her sad. I like that she was asked. But I didn't expect much else.

Kissing her brother's forehead and rubbing her soft lips back and forth over his head when he gets hit there. Fighting with an impossibly cute boy named Mihai, twelve, another one of the elite five.

The next scene is where you have to draw the two scenes together to make a whole idea that remains inside your brain, away from your eyes. I can't be explicit. You're too white but not enough, Dad. The next scene, no matter what it really is, can't be child pornography. It can't be because I'm telling you before the movie was made, that those acts captured in documentary films of men raping children. Sticking things inside little children. Were greater than what was filmed and traded. Those conversations come later. Thank fuck. But now, it's not me shoving natural acts, instant metaphors in your face. It's me saying that what happens when I pull the thoughts apart, they become one stream of tired fucking effort. And the rape of your child, specifically, your child wouldn't be served correctly by even showing footage of her. None at all. It'd be the wrong place to stop. I'd look cheesy not cruel. I'd be more embarrassed than the critics who'd say that I was trying to shock. Or pry sensationalist cash. I'm trying to get both of us beyond that. So anything but her face, your voice, your finger. Ask some sleazy pit squirming wetback: How much did you pay her? He doesn't know why he's getting asked, does he. But he'll come up with something simple about money. You have a job? How much did you save? How long did it take to make that amount and how much did you put away with thoughts like only this in there for how long, Sweetheart?

Sleeping family until Mr. Duncan tells someone unworthy to take him to the children so they could wake them up, not take them out of their home. Duncan assumed if he made it clear that he was only there for the smaller

children, the fight inside the family would be more pronounced. He was there, he told the compliant, to steal guns. The mother, an ex-wife, called the kids down for him. What kind of home, asks the artist. The director needs formalist reflectors. What sacred test did it fail right off the start. Womb. Who's coming over tonight, who do you like. What were they leaving and where were they going—in Dylan's case, he was going to be filmed. Crying and praying to-go's. There's the skipped chance, the ploy in, earlier, simpler guilt. His father said it later, that this isn't what he'd like Dylan to be remembered for. I sound bitter, don't I? Jerking off metaphorically and literally and eventually superciliously while I know that these kids sleeping and their houses wrecked denotes a certain sadness rather than prostrate sexuality. No father comes into the room. Definitely not drunk enough to deny having the thoughts sober. And he just wants his dick squeezed or he just wants what's his or he's been thinking of reward and settles for availability or, the predisposed pedophile, discovers this is nice until he gets caught. Tighter and tighter. And the homes collapsing all around are universal property markets or family values or nature threatening its silly little unfair rules on you worthless ants so fucking full of yourself that an artist gets to point his pedophile photoshop dick and finger at all of you. You're not like that. Honestly, not anymore. You weren't born for this either, right? Every word is home after awhile. You don't find yourself tearing it apart. You end up rebuilding just as immediately. You move, you rent, you say, thin as fuck, I didn't think it all mattered. I'll make that happen next. The split entered your body and shouldn't have. I remember what you said about what you wanted. More than that, what you wanted to create from just that so far.

I couldn't give a fuck. I want to say that I can see so much there. That I find the little southern dollies attractive and the bonhomie sinister and prescient. But they're just cheap words. They're as stupid as any other family in any other bargain-priced friendly Sears store. Any boy in a gym. Any boy wearing too many clothes.

It had nothing to do with money. This leaves quickly. Not of his body or from plans. Quiet. An audience of similarly trolling fag watchers recreate it as less. Molded into that which will be lied about, winked about. One wants to say anything else. It's all rather romantic. This desperate need to console and examine one's fears, not even knowing how dangerous or tedious that can be. It needs to get pierced, these inside-out psyche messes squirming everything under it like an old wrench slipping off a nail because it's the wrong fucking tool. The court reporters said hardly lifelessly that

Duncan got sexual gratification from inflicting pain. This is an important blush. Rendered as if imperfect but precise. You're required to fuck an identification that could be demeaned as casual, as simple, as something that shouldn't be bothering you quite as much as you're not able to handle. Results as well as symptoms. I think of this pity constantly. I don't think it's an attack. It's still something I create. Ask him if he had to. There's a difference in art that exists for a paycheck, even a cheap excuse, and one that isn't done otherwise. It confuses cops and neighbors. Not artists. Not careful pornographers. Paycheck comes. Asked for. You can't be that generous.

He and the woman were interviewed in front of each other. She telling the filmmakers that she took Mihai in because she was always seeing him getting beaten and his money stolen. He, smoking, answers Edet's question about whether or not he likes living there now: "Yes. Then again. This life is hard. Quite hard. Very hard."

The boys and the dirt and wood and porcelain detritus all adult bookstore anonymous. Breach pivots on safety. Having their keep or loss shorn through from home to sexual abuse. They're sleeping. Beautiful, inadequate and trusting. They've believed what they've either been told or too childish to suspect pit cynicism. You didn't know yet, did you, Punkin'? It's also not so bad. Dad's been taking care of all the bills so far. Put you here. It was your mom that had the meth business, her boyfriend. You, like her buddies and lack of will or brains, are mistakes. And I always knew I'd come back for you. Now I'll never get the chance. And the slimier one says she had to take the kids away. Honestly, your honor, as bad as my addiction was, I'm sure everyone would agree, even toothless and angry, that letting him slide his fat hairy belly and bad breath and stubby cock all over a prettier body when he didn't have a say, or enough information beyond passable physical pain, is the worse way to produce night terrors. What did you do for money? Because, motherfucker, I had mouths to feed. I had to keep the kids safe, put a roof over their heads and take photos for the health services that said they were protected and cared for. So drugs, in this economy, were a safe bet. And these aren't white trash kids. They're cute kids. They're cute boys that look enough like girls to fuck-up older men who pretend they're gay when they haven't quite made the next grown-up step. These boys, these faggots lisp, this boy especially, tasted great. I watched him in the shower. And I'd stare at him while he slept. It's these boys dreaming about tearing their fathers and cunts houses down. Stupid as that is, made sexier than angrier.

The loose shorts come from the few photos I collected from magazines

around that time. The shots that had their little faces digitized out but their bodies intact. On the whole; skinny and pale and gangly and clad in very baggy, very loose, black shorts. Pulled up to their flat hungry navels sometimes. And then billowing open down to their knobby knees. A lot of these stills were taken from footage of Hamilton training the boys. Not stuff that he personally filmed. He's in a lot of the shots. Spotting some of the children as they vault over a sports horse in a huge gym. Shirtless kids. And their legs are spindly and the hair is sloppy and they wait in line. And he had someone take the shots to sell worthwhile ideas to parents.

Shasta's voice was recorded in a police car. The cop who talked to her, captured her answers and his questions by turning his dashboard camera on and pointing it away from her sitting next to him. All you hear is a disembodied voice while you look out from almost where she was sitting, imagining her wrapped and everywhere she talks about being and being with. She starts to cry when she answers the cop's question about the mythical reason Duncan let her go. She starts to cry when she says he told her that she taught him how to love. This is seen as sickness. Duncan's. And Shasta has reached exhaustion. At her tiny age. By then, by the time her voice cracked, Shasta had already finished telling the cop that she had seen Duncan kill her brother and that she and Dylan had been raped. She started to cry when she talked about love, when she said the word and when she hit Jet's name. She doesn't know. She'll believe what you tell her. Especially when it's about love. About responsibility. They'll pound it out of her. She ended up sleeping on a couch while her father struggled to find finances workable after the ordeal. People were trying to help her. You have a responsibility to us, to make yourself be happy, to let us take care of you when others failed or couldn't or didn't think they'd be caught. You tell the sleeping dear, you whisper in his underwear clad ear and pull the covers down so you could see how small he was and how much he needs you and how you would never do anything but cuddle the vulnerable and make grand gestures and worry that it could get fucked-up somehow away from all your plans. And my baby didn't know until you told her. Didn't know what it looks like. How it hurts. Being in love makes it okay, sad-sack. You go ahead, tell me what you want me to do for you. Tell all of us the plans you have for everybody.

Marian Burbine is accused of recklessly endangering children, and records show that she knew her husband had been convicted of indecent assault against a child in 1989 and accused of sexually abusing young boys in 2005 and 2009. Prosecutors have not accused her of being aware of the alleged

abuse over the last two years, but court documents suggest she misled parents into allowing her husband to take her place in caring for their children.

You can't pretend. That you're having an argument. Not with me. I've been there before, you can't lie to me. You tell the child. This is what's going to happen. As if she should expect to get some relief from knowing. Like in a movie. You don't foreshadow, show kind, you make it explicit. Warn to take. Whereas it's such a cheap argument, not that an argument had to be difficult to make it valid. She'd have to learn she's been this dumb so far. Idiots always talk about what's more difficult as if their obligation alone is accomplishment in lieu of success. I ended a book with a summation, it was someone else's book. And I wanted everything in his entire book, every word this creep liar said, to be read as child pornography. Since that was how I read it, it couldn't be otherwise. I had to define child pornography. For others who might not see it as cheaply. I already had, I figured, again. Liar took these photos of a little pig and sold them to me at a very cheap price, I could say difficult as well, but they're embarrassingly easy to have. And every word he was ever going to slide or sneer or recant was pure, half-pure, kiddie porn. All about a little pig. I don't care if he was talking about chess or puffing his cheeks out about nature or some other half-understood anything but. It isn't left up to him to get better or worse. I know sales. I wrote another book on one individual and made the entire thing about these photographs of little boys, exactly like what my Michael is doing now. The connection starting from those gym kids and these sleeping tramps is clear. Not as long as I point it out. But as long as I very quietly, hardly, ever, let it go somewhere else. Psychotic indiscretion is merely lapping out the difference between all other options. Don't jerk off on it, for example. Of course, you tell yourself because it's absolutely a fact, this is not what I masturbate to. I don't watch the curve of these boys' asses and the wrinkles in shirts falling over their stomachs or the angle of their ass cracks and lips. Principal is, yes, you do, actually masturbate to these images. The defense is that cumming is what you do with other people. To show them how little they matter. They don't know any better. There's something else, again, going on, that allows them to contract you for these little nothings. It is said and answered, exactly like an argument that doesn't need to be entered into, let alone won, where every word is a simple self-pandering insult. And you won't get it. Because you don't act like you know any better. That the conversation had to stop. I don't masturbate to these images of children split open and crying and naked, above all, naked, very most of all naked and combined with older

men moving their limbs around and entering every part, not just holes or the insides of their darling wanting and wet lips, you fuck, like an ugly old age cunt, soon enough, you can see that happening at the very same time you say this is special only because it doesn't fucking look that bad quite yet. Before, sleeping through, the storm. And after home, the world. But you could see it. The cops know this. There isn't one thing in their lives that isn't child pornography. And the jury complains. That they've been changed. And the father knew. But it's not a bad thing. What's more, it really is a thing. It's actually outside of you and your noising head. It really has to be created for that. It exists. And I don't make that and I'm responsible for none of it. I get responsibilities shoved at me. You have to fucking deal with them pragmatically. Not theoretically. Which is impossible with pornography. That I've seen and want more of. Not different types but scenes. Not even different actors. Or subjects. One subject. Everyone with a name that I give it. The same name. Switches over time, Shasta.

Will McBride's painting of some skateboarders has a central figure so much like them. Wearing white baggy shorts, the point of the painting is the boy's skinny sexy dirty youth. Kid's unprotected recklessness and, absolutely most of all, his white skivvied fat balls all bunched up and evident in the gaping pant leg of the shorts as it folds nicely small when the boy turns upside down. These men are peepers. It is what they do. And they swallow everything.

It's just any codger remembering what it used to be like. The entire written history is nothing but walking around and assuming everything is in place to go to fuck something. Alone, himself. There's not a point beyond that. Pornography is that just walk back and forth soon enough.

I made a mistake. One of many, this one keeps going on. Your father, who left you, made a mistake, different kind, fuck me, I hope, very different, more impact, much more consequence, ugly now as you can breathe bravely. Mistake is thinking I could stop. That finally cumming. And still, saying, afterward, that this is what I did. As if that was all it was. Or, worse, that this was a design that I understood. That it could stop. And what I wanted was only more than that. I only want to do that. Which is true. Not being a rube, a fool, a nigger, not being a lowlife rapist with entitlement and earth on my stupid side, Sweetheart, I see where you go all wrong too. Ugly slob. Dad, by the time I re-watch you screaming and then switch over from you just being interviewed, like you ever mattered. You disease. About how or what you think. Happened. It's wrong, or not all simple, that I wasn't in fact masturbating to exactly every word that you uttered all about this. Which is

your daughter. And your son. Who really doesn't count. Which is obvious. I've made it count. In slow thoughtful motion. Runs underneath, not loudly enough to drown that you really don't have to imagine a fucking thing about what I do.

One video shows Burbine assaulting a newborn. Another shows him molesting a preschool-age boy in a sports club changing room, even after someone knocks on the door, according to prosecutors. Others detail his assaults, including on infants. "He raped infants. No one here understands why. They're on film. He called the infants by their names as if they understood instruction. They're essentially sleeping. It's terrible. What he'd do to them. Beggars the imagination until you've seen it, then you can't possibly even process what you saw."

Duncan masturbated on the tape. One of three played in court. He also sang. Screamed at god and at Dylan. He taunted boy, nine, stripped, also crying and, most important, after the masturbating, talked towards him about Dylan's soul. Children have been told about soul. They would believe it. Enough adults genuinely do, they can see by consistency. As Duncan railed at god, he alternatively screamed back at Dylan. And told the naked raped down boy that he, his torturer, was not just a demon, but the devil himself. The man, the raving lunatic, that slit Arnold's throat would stand in his jail cell and rant that no lawyer could talk to him because he talked directly to god and that god talked for him, to him. The defense team that had to work to save half penny nigger life filmed the frothing, literally, bug-eyed wreck so that they could play it at trial and have the beast judged insane. It was clear. All the words about god were insanity. And the act that took only a few minutes that robbed the family of their son was for no reason other than madness finally overpowering the weakling who sought to understand the hard life he was given and needed relief. Duncan, on the other hand, had sex as a reason. The boy's life was wasted past desire. The family members Duncan killed weren't specialized for sexually direct reasoning or want but just to allow entry to what he could use to fulfill a fairly specific sexual fantasy. His words, actually. Two of them, boy and a girl, that he watched. For days. From outside. Found luck, made plans, held hope. Duncan also talked about rage and revenge. Over his situation as a registered sex offender since he was sixteen. Articulated it. Look what it got you. Dad. You can't say the same thing. The photo of the Zelezniks, bereft, just minutes after the murder of their beautiful son and kind brother Arnold in a hotel room by some rabid nigger is a better photo than Shasta's father ranting outside

a courtroom. Youngest brother Bobby curls to his parent's side, remains untouched, uncomforted as mother and father sink into shell-shock that a photographer registered. There's other centralized to convenience shots. Duncan, as a young very good looking just boy, holds up his number and label in jail, and has his mug shot released. He looks hardly teenage, the sex offender sentence reads unjustifiably cruelest to the poor kid holding up his numbers. Anthony Stockleman, just after the assault in his jail cell. That photo is too clean. Dad, asked from someone else, do you think that when Duncan told Dylan that Dylan was special, that Dylan understood just how special he was. Certainly, that's a big word with many different compartments and travails, but, without question, you'd have to agree, proved beforehand or later, Dylan, your son, was clearly special. Different, better, than all the rest. You didn't want him to be less than special. This is what you were estated for, maybe? Who gave you purpose? You know, before them.

Mark Larranaga, Duncan's former lawyer, testified last week that even if a new jury hears all the details of Duncan's childhood, it's unlikely they would spare his life. "It would have been difficult, not impossible," Larranaga said. But the jurors who spent three weeks listening to testimony about Duncan's horrific crimes say nothing could sway them from imposing death. "Lots of people are abused as kids but don't abuse others", said Tommy. Susan served on a jury for a civil case years ago, but the experience was unremarkable. "I couldn't even tell you the names of other jurors," she said. But a case like Duncan's? "I just know none of us will ever be the same after seeing something like that," Shannon said. "You can never go back." Learning the details of Duncan's crimes and his meticulous planning altered their everyday activities. Even activities such as camping bring reminders of Duncan's crimes and the weeks he held children captive in the Lolo National Forest outside St. Regis. "I can't even go camping without locking up my trailer," Shannon said. Susan spends more time at home and constantly questions her safety in public. "I don't go out at night unless I'm with my husband," she said.

Duncan was already telling the boy that he was dead. Before he killed him. Later, he talked about Shasta, when officially questioned over why he confessed more to her, eight, than he perhaps should have. Duncan replied that he knew he was talking to a dead person. He wanted to talk. Just talk. The way you do, perhaps, when you want to hear the words. And in front of children who exist approximately. But then she mattered. Inabstractly. He told officiants as if he was teaching them. What it was like. Before that. I

see it in the photographs. She's that beautiful. He would, I'd guess. I'd make that happen. Here only. The photographs of these boys sleeping. Are just as much Mr. Duncan as a youth, sleeping away from his family. Which isn't cheap. His family, especially his sister, are more cops, country animals, with different excuses for mulling. His sister made him cry in court. You cry when you imagine chances not when you recall pasts. Unless you do it for suckers. Duncan as a young sleeping boy told one of his court appointed health monitors that he already molested children by the time he was incarcerated at fifteen. At twenty he already killed two girls that in photos are posing like gang members, eleven and nine. Little sisters, Sammiejo and Carmen. And Shasta told her police crew, in her little voice, that Duncan killed alot of children that they didn't even know about. Duncan is in his End Of Sentence Review stating that he wasn't homosexual and that he was embarrassed to be seen that way. He was a transvestite later and saw himself as a girl having sex with men and boys and, trust me, that's not ever very clear. Like masturbating, your focus drips from preference and never where you thought you'd like it to or where you thought you were progressing intentionally. Like fucking thinking not like talking. Guessed wrong. There's no heaven, no blues worth returning to, there's characters and you get used to anything that happens around your body as a distinct lack of bother. If it sounds like I'm talking about myself, Dad, I'm talking just as much about you and how little you care to look at it succinctly. You, like these others with loud mouths and better photos, don't know how much this means to you to want to get over it as much as you're used to saying that you do. You get used to believing yourself and the stupid shit that presses out of your mouth. You convince yourself because they're only easy to say. Just laziest to watch come straight out of your mouth. And it's repulsive. Duncan would apparently go on and on to whoever he could, including anonymous web viewers, about how unfair sex registration laws were. He was sick of empty answers with concrete results. You, finally, have to be better than that. Stop asking me to act the same, at least.

The jurors have never heard about Duncan's life, including the abuse he suffered as a boy. Hearing his sister recount childhood beatings prompted Duncan to do something he's never before done in court: Cry. His face reddened when Cheri Cox took the stand, and he wept as she choked back sobs recounting abuse she said she'd long tried to forget. Duncan appeared interested but more stoic as mitigation experts recalled him telling them about being sexually abused as a child and being shown sadistic photos of children

being sexually tortured, according to testimony.

All the problems I went through to get you better than the pig you are. Wasted. You know what a pig is. I couldn't even do this for a few minutes. This is what happens when I get so angry with, let's face it, pigs like you. I'd start holding the wall. Pretending to put my chin into yours. You think I have a chance to imagine what I'd like. Like all that space between your little cock and your hard chin. Held your face in my hands to push your hair back and tell you how beautiful your face is. Stop begging me, first of all. Pumping my ass and hips and clothed thankfully cock against the wall like any insult you'd want to meta down, vagina. But I'll be fucked. I'm not blaming you. Fucked if I'm going to excuse you. I think you had to. It was better for you. It was a stab at sanity. You saved yourself. You made all these mistakes, corrected them all, and moved back in. Such a sweetheart. Thankfully you have the world you've been listening to to help you now. You're happy. All the time. All the time happy. And safe. Darling, you did good. You had to pull away. But, you have to understand, a thing I saw in you. What an ugly thing, right? What a bad use of something beautiful. What a mistake to be so selfish. To not give you a chance. When, you're absolutely correct, once again, my latest oldest princess, I was misusing something that deserved better. I can't be anything but ugly. You were giving me a chance. Offering me back options. That freeze frame, I saw it, I saw myself grotesque and bloated and drunk and loving you a bit too much. I see misery there that you didn't. I see only enough of the loss. But then. Fuck. I saw my eyes split apart and crazed and my cheeks red and my mouth blotchy from all around your thighs and asshole and balls and cock. And I'd become one of those slugs who kneels and lets their arms work up so that their hands could caress hips and stomachs and chests. Secondbest filled myself. On what you wanted, I don't know, why protect that, I told you. That's not what it comes down to. That's a bad mistake. It's not a promise, not a contract, slob. Taking advantage of your forgiving tolerance. It was a cunt, point of fact. When I told the others that I loved you. That's what mattered. That's when it was real. When they could see me acting stupid and imploding. Not when I told you. Burn down this house that I fucking built. I can say that. Never actually made that decision, did I? You find yourself there. You find yourself trying to get some money. And then think, fuck, I haven't really engaged salubriously. My wonderful mine-less tells me I was wrong. Just look. And points backwards to me, while, you don't get it, not exactly pointing forward. Where's that anyway. You ruined more than me. You prayed for it to happen.

You look harder once again, the houses have been torn apart but the kids aren't touched. Don't even fucking know it, Princess. You should have, that was the plan.

He told a psychiatrist that he thought of those photos when he raped a boy at gunpoint when he was 16. The assault earned Duncan 20 years in prison, and he was placed in sex offender treatment with adults, something experts say wouldn't happen now. Duncan was repeatedly abused in prison and told investigators that he began plotting revenge on society by studying kidnapping and murder. He also suffered two head injuries – one when he was hit with a shovel as a boy and another at age 15 when he was in a car crash.

The grease that created my Bobby was screaming for god. Strangers in the hotel knew the lunatic before he dragged and slashed open the little but eldest brother only waiting for his father in the lobby. It's his father's fault. Into the we rent to niggers room off the elevators and in seconds split the nine-year-old's throat to bleed him all over the bathroom floor in minutes. While Dad ran around frantically absent and guests yelled back about the maniac. It's the worst thing I've ever seen all the cops said to the one going into the crime scene next. They took their turns, their shifts, and each one said that little kid drained of blood for no good reason, was the one thing that they weren't going to be able to forget. That's what you'll have to start worrying about, apparently. So when it sounds out of your mouth, you'll have already done enough work to create the thought into real existence. It lays there. And I'm spent backwards thinking about this naked nigger in his cell barking at his public defense and the cops and new cons about how he won't answer to men when god listens. I know I can sound like this. I know better that I understand psychotic breaks that want to be naked and hard in a jail cell without him. More cocksucking than shit eating. He would eat his shit. And his lawyers knew they had film so they had insane. If it was a sex crime. Don't let him have fucked that kid. Just put his nigger mouth on the boy. Did something worse. He wouldn't have been so identifiably insane, Dad, we can't find a single fucking reason that it makes sense. That kid isn't on this planet anymore because the shaking nigger's a maniac, that's all. You have no right to be indignant. Just sad about how really unfair and worthless everything is now. That's a proven fact. You could campaign against sex pigs but it's not really applicable here. Early release statutes. That might be a good one. That'll help. Did he ask for help. Did anyone tiny try to calm him down because they loved him before he lost abilities one after another. Not enough available bank for mental health care. The slug had a fucking

family but it's backwater. People who can't hold themselves any longer. Fuck, they're not even people. Hold on to what, dick? You can only do so much. I prefer humans. Someone I can identify with. Not animals without a sense of penetrative humanity or desperation or fantasy wherewithal.

Boy on his back, Max perhaps, has a nice fat package presented in white y-fronts. A large sensuous boy's face, perhaps Max again, takes up the other side of the painting to cast the underwear model into the background. You're either seeing two perfect examples of Max or a boy leaving the reclining comfortable action on the bed. The ribs on the upside-down skateboarder in Skateboards Falling are prominent. Bones in thin skin are the fetish focus of many of his paintings. Stomachs breathing and sucking in hard. So very little extra elasticity to be had. It's not all bulge and sized outlined cock.

I should allow for subtlety. Try and communicate without ruining the emotions and family lapses that can't be completely ever flattened. The garbage that fills in magic. Edges in tragedy. Rather like what one would hear backwards, for, when one talks to a dog. You understand, don't you, I know you do. Listen, it's rather much more like telling you the end of the violent scene has to come. Especially fitting in this case, because if a child has to die, you have to let the audience know its fear is shared. They'll hate your art otherwise, Sweetheart. Won't go to see your next movie until you've apologized by doing something more intricately vague this next time. Problem is. Darling. I don't mind a little subtlety. Official concern. I like these faggot bulk who want to talk about how beautiful these young creatures are, first and foremost. And then even the conflict that starts the conversation as lonely and protective and, when the violence happens, adds to their fat screaming red wall baby faces. The men, of course. Naked. Those old bawling men. I like them much more than pretty classic little femme inviolates. Those are the ones that mean sex. Instead of impossible. Instead of apologetic.

I mean, don't get me wrong, because its clear you understand me, established that, pet, but, really these boys split open. I mean, you're not a priest, are you? You're not really all that frightened. It doesn't matter enough, does it, pet. You just want a meal. And then some old girl is going to tell you that you mean a bit more than that. She owes you something more in the end. Gotta protect this, that's for sure.

When I was a kid. Terrible way to just start off getting to know you, I know that, I'm a bit sorry, I think, about that. But when I was a kid. He says again. Sings it like a retard. Just so you know. You know. These fucking

niggers would sit on the benches at this park near my TV. I think I saw it on a sixties TV show. There's a problem. I do remember this old faggot that used to hang around and hand us beer and want to give us blowjobs. We thought he was funny. If he hung around too long, he'd have been murdered. I think this is true as well. Since I don't have to pretend to someone as honest as you, I can tell you, this faggot got murdered by a few fucking chicago thugs who were used to tits and speed and got seriously, justifiably, sick of this old scrawny tall cocksucker hanging around begging for money and thinking he was impressing us by telling us criminal stories and us not thinking things clearly until he, I hope, got his long wrinkled cock drawing in and slurping face, kicked in and his brains smashed through his skull. Even now. Sweetheart. Violence is wholly innocent and not at all deserved. I do know this, even at this jaded cynical bitter old age, he deserved it.

You do know. Right. Say this: He wasn't worthless either.

A little brighter than dumb, you understand?

He'd ask me to jerk off. He'd want to jerk off with us. Said when he was a kid, doing it in a group was better. Who cares if he likes looking at teenage dicks. I got older. Not insane. Some of the results were the same. But I don't think I'm lying. I have different thoughts. I ask scumbags, I don't ask kids in winter coats. I don't want to see what they're covering and unaware of.

Dog comes over to this southern kid. Sat down in some desert job he took. Feral mutts that seem the same as what he knew from back home. Sees that he can pet it, that he's wiping blood on the hungry ratting as much as enjoying the strokes of breathing fur.

Accept your innocence as sincere plus appealing. Imagine it as existing in real time. Confident that you're kinder than your listener, not interlocutor.

I've had opportunities, Dad. It doesn't work. I've thought it would. It, always, really never fucking ever did. By now. But. I didn't know that, not till later. When I say I don't know who that person was, I'm -guessing- it's because I don't understand the history I was putting him into. You know. I never thought I was that silly. That fucked up. Honestly, I didn't know I was sick. That's how it feels. I didn't think I was doing something wrong. I still don't really care enough. Just for myself. Not in a selfish way. I considered others. I didn't look at what I was talking at. It's like seeing yourself, myself, as any breed of dog. Blank but really fucking mouthy. I was doing this shit, this life, as if it was important and I was alright with it being occasionally mute as long as it was pathetic. But, fuck me, I was talking so loudly at myself. Blanketing myself with all sorts of selfishly vicious luck language.

Like a mutt retard. Not like a pervert, not full of lessons and a freedom of expression or desire. Just truly sick. A disease that you couldn't get help for, still can't get help for. You know why? Because help has to come from outside and I shut off those chances. And if it has to come from inside, fuck, it was already there. Honestly, I didn't want it. I really still don't want it. You have no idea how comfortable I am. Here, right there, back there. I'm alright with it. I don't mind it. I understand, I think, that it happened. The problem, in conversation, with myself, is that I don't realize the person that was doing all those things as the person who thinks about them now. It doesn't bother me enough. I can't make them dramatic. I can't find the reason to either recover or forgive or look at something in a more smiling or promising or essentialist light. I can't tell you. I was acting, fine. It didn't feel like it then. It wasn't even the drugs or drink. I do that still. I'm as much a fan as getting away from these thoughts as making them permanent, proving better, not stronger, not braver, not wanting more.

The worst thing I can do. Because this isn't bad. Is to make this into parts. Split the picture into distinctions that come together as if the contradictions don't work against intentions. More is an important word. Ruins everything.

Ever since my arrest for this filth I've never kept anything. But I offered to buy this disc immediately. You're not crazy. You're not riddled with guilt. This isn't about child pornography. You're aware that no one's attacking you, aren't you? Not as hysterically as you sound, absolutely.

Everything gets funneled into this.

The best I should do is rail against the slimy chances to have this supported by extraneous bickering. Slack repeats. Like some broken heart. The passionately cruel misunderstandings it could explicate. Inside the failures of those who love deeply, want worse, yearn for the recognition of their own terrors, the craggy impossibilities of private generosity and redirected lust, appreciation, comfort. Convince, tie, bind, forgive, let it all go eventually so things can be quiet for just about everyone, poor dear.

I have to put up with it, wash all of it completely wrong. Have enough about fathers fucking their sons to make sure these photos are disfigured, all crippled intentions toward mother diminished by my own narrow humming prurience. Conflicted further by those who prove themselves by their little nightmare actions. Caught out. They look scared. Looks down. I used to shop at a bookstore when I was the same age as Duncan when he was first arrested for forcing sex on a child even younger than his fifteen.

The pedophile etymology doesn't include eros, I understood and ignored. The aesthetes weren't my age and I used the vulture, vampire definitions instead. It was only interesting to me, the way a thirteen-year-old faggot talks about discovering public toilet availabilities, if the conversations were hysterically surrogate, degenerately leveled from promise to offer. Master/apprentice delineations are as foreign as parental guidance and your father being only drunk, not horny, at whatever bar he stops at on his way home to the serious mistakes he made when he was honorably discharged from his job in the army. The little girls weren't treated the same, you understand? The little rapes weren't offered the same arguments to learn what they wanted a bit earlier than coming frigidity as opposed to social progress and entrepreneurship.

The camera men, stupid as they are, as they daydream themselves filming you, know that they have to make the frames bind you even tighter. All sides. When the results come, gossipy retelling, nothing ever more, the newer can soak up themselves; recast their actions as strong for a palsy. I know how it works. I taught you better than that. Not to listen to the others. Want to know how I recognized you. The fourteen-year-old boy was forced to undress at unloaded gunpoint and fifteen-year-old Duncan told his court that he made the boy suck him, came in his mouth but that he had sucked him first. An inmate at the prison that Duncan was returned to after parole violations as an adult wrote to his minders that Duncan was constantly insisting on sex. Duncan told this criminal that he only took it in the ass, no matter what he might have already heard in the yard about him. Carmen and Sammiejo were murdered and raped just after their mother gave birth to her ninth baby. The sisters with different last names were living in a motel, known in the neighborhood as panhandlers, not teenage yet. I've got mugshots of your mother and her boyfriend, Shasta. Slade, Shasta and Dylan's older brother who was murdered as part of the family slaughter to get to Shasta and Dylan, was only thirteen. Shasta said, just after safety, that Slade was a good brother to her and she'd buy him gifts for all his birthdays yet to come. Katie Collman's mother sent her ten-year-old daughter to the store just near the house and told her that the brownies she was baking would be ready for her just as soon as she got back.

The listed reasons for the COPINE rules are insidiously constructed. Each unverified response to the social problems of viewing images of abuse on the internet carry employee retaining footnotes stating "limited research" and applications in the "general sense". Every enforcement instruction heads

necessarily to the physical, essentially only the possible, sexual abuse of a child. To the ridiculous point of stating that the "sexualizing" and "objectifying" of strangers and family members actually exists as threat.

I'd rather see you stand, sit comfortably, and fuck yourself.

Just because it's breathing doesn't mean it's company. Roll over.

Now once more.

I told it: You're not really company.

What's boredom feel like. Tell me what it feels like to be so quiet, to have to talk outloud, imagine you're talking for some reason. Some just.

I always knew who I was talking to. Here's the problem. You'll think I was talking to myself.

The dog, I know, doesn't respond. It didn't help to see it as anything else.

What kind of company are you looking for? I can do that for you, you know. You need someone around the house for a little while. I'm pretty sure. You don't get to act that there's not a certain responsibility to me when that happens. I realize it and so should you. We can draw up a contract. Make an agreement. I'll tell you I'm conflicted over wanting to make you happy and feeling happy. As if I'm not good enough for you. Contract should hold for a little while. The soldiers that'll tell you this is wrong. Don't know. I've done more for you. We owe each other. I've paid alot. Being happy isn't what they say it is. You have no right to believe just shit.

Won't end well.

You should start worrying about it right now.

So you can experience some relief, some greater pleasure, just before?

Impossible to talk about sex without talking about adolescence.

I love that you'll ask me for a favor. If it sounds like resentment, please think that through. If you don't believe me, keep in mind that I've already told you that the most difficult part of the job I've got here is not to let you think I've caught you stupid.

Full of yourself. Fucking pleasing yourself.

But I don't think that's the wrong thing to be. It is better than moving backwards. As if innocent, you're not necessarily ignorant. Look at the photos again. I'm so glad I took them. That means something. Can you tell me that. Look at what you used to not mind quite as much.

Photos of little boys smiling and playing, often shirtless, often in swimming trunks, were placed next to articles on whatever it is the old bitchy editors wanted to think they were talking about. The photos, so often blonde, almost

always skinny, were included to amplify and settle the sexual arguments of the group. But my interest in innocent images stemmed from the little dead kittens I was spending all my immature time with. The gay groups were never real. Never important. Never not shrill. Deluded and self-important. Exactly like their butcher detractors, they needed a public voice to help them think better of their private time. They didn't want to be as ugly as they think. Most of the child porn lore around during my formative years had been lies dreamed up by christian cop mentalities. Sickness after sickness. The ideal all these creeps grew fat and old on ended up sliding into the halved-lifestyle joints I only thought I was taking advantage of.

I got rid of everything I kept. And slipped back when Shasta Groene talked over a phoneline hookup to a crime show on TV. It's not relapse, fuck's sake. I don't pretend it's failed desistance. Wanted it again. Couldn't help myself. Didn't want to. It wasn't an internal argument. Was fucking helpful. Everything else runs nonexistent. This is what happened. Made a decision that it wasn't worth being so sentimental about, that's all. At a certain age, your past doesn't cling and you don't hope that things will change. Said with certainty, authority. You watch others change, can only make clumsy adjustments in listening to them. Changes without you. But this is how you sound.

The photos are not where they belong. But where they end up. This is a chance to redress that. The pictures are tossed away in lives like mine. Then didn't exist unless I talk about them again. I'd rather not record conversations that separate the monotone experience of sex in the places I go to, less for sex these days, more than rote. Still I know where I end up every time I start replying to some mouth pig that needs to have a little romance with his head. I don't seem to have an option to forget specific, highly important photographs. Turn it into regret so obviously that they'll eventually disappear incompletely doesn't work so well, Doctor. I'm unwilling to make reparations to those who say they need them. I have a definition of human that is, sadly, terribly rigid. And, apologetically, this is just as much about exclusion. The ones I don't want. Wouldn't bother with. Don't bother me. Less attractive objects and situations are created wrong and are expected to be included as irritant color. So that I've thought enough. Could do your failure at it, your lack of commitment, your refusal to sacrifice, and, less important, what it does to the sick creature in the photograph you didn't steal personally to show later. He either gave up when the damage was too great or he suffered through the thoughts until he broke away, no other options,

just those two. Gets to sound like he was doing something ultimately for the pig's benefit when he denies himself. The artist says it was something else that was happening. The judicial audience that should never have had to listen don't want the very same words they've already had to clarify and pat. Plus. It's heard you sound like a rube.

I try to ignore it. Try not, first step, to forget that I'll eat up time looking for nothing. Starts out rooting for easy chances before focus and atrophy take wiser hold. Sick of the time stripping before getting sicker of not just finding what you wanted, kid. Willing to learn more and see everything.

He has been rebellious and oppositional to requests and demands made of him in his treatment group and has, on several occasions, walked out of his treatment group. Only after concentrated pressure by his treatment group did Mr. Duncan respond to any honest degree regarding his deviant sexual behavior. He continued to have little insight into his behaviors, and put little effort toward modifying them. Complicating the clinical picture is a long standing history of sexually deviant behavior and sexual excitement he associates with aggression and violence. This is not the first time the issue of amenability to treatment has arisen relative to Mr. Duncan. His treatment group had evaluated him on three previous occasions due to his lack of progress and rebellion toward his treatment group.

It's not like anything else is it?

You want me to say that.

Tell me what it's like.

I won't tell you. Don't mind thinking it. Saying it, different matter. I'd be saying it to you.

What else is it like?

It's not a metaphor. You're thinking about it incorrectly. You're asking the wrong person, professor.

I'm not supposed to think about it? Or I'm thinking about it wrong?

You're looking for where it started. That's a mistake. My answer can't be where your first mistake started... you understand?

Did you think you were going to get caught?

Always. But, first, I shouldn't be talking to you about it. I shouldn't be explaining it at all. You really shouldn't have been bothered. The mistakes, then, aren't mine. You have childish responsibilities. As far as I'm concerned, no matter what you ask or say you've guessed, I've ignored them.

You've done your best.

I tried.

You failed.

You did. You are. You're failing. I'm sick, I know that.

And there's nothing you can pinpoint to where you started from? Now, here, having heard me ask that question. You can't reduce it to where a mistake was made or a rotten dream began. So you can change.

Honestly, you have to try to stop making yourself look worse. Stop failing.

It's a competition. I get it now.

It's a compromise. One that I'm not quite as willing to do as you. But that's not a win for me. It's just that I have to be here. I have to listen. And, eventually, I can't help but enjoying that you're losing so dramatically.

Makes you feel powerful?

It does, actually. Keeps my mouth from opening.

And you have a kid at home, yeah? A stroller. A wife on medication. Do you make drawings of your dreams? More importantly, do you show your paintings to others? You know, the ones where you thought up something you were dreaming about?

You could use a dog. You should have a pet. Start there.

I don't really care for the offer. You should be better than that. If you don't understand that everything I'm saying starts with me not telling you what a pervert you truly are, you're wrong. Obviously, you don't need me to tell you, right? But, you know, you should. Someone should tell you that you sound disgusting and stupid and I'm wasting my time lessened to you while I'm wasting even more –concurrent– time not telling you that I'm fucking egotistical. Better, honestly, here's your chance, that someone should be me. Because you're asking me to be honest. And I can't. We agree on that, yes?

You don't think that you'll ever be embarrassed by you sounding like this. Sick, confused, laid flat in a hospice alone, again, waiting to expire or something greater, imagining what it's like rather than what you wished.

Say untouched instead.

Talk about my refusal to rent from the rest of the world. My mistakes. Yet, we both know all of that, right? I've done a pretty bad job of getting that stroller on the right path down the sidewalk. Oh, poor dear, we both want so much. So difficult to get. So difficult to match appetite with opportunity. Tell me you know people just like me. Tell me it's rather nice when you help them too.

Told his wife. Look.

Leaned over the child and thought. Instead. I'm currently only trying

to figure out if you're being deceptive or staying deluded. This shouldn't really be any big deal. Not for you. I'd like to forget it. You're going to act like you shouldn't. You'll make yourself worse for me. It'll be phony. It really doesn't have to bother you this much.

I like the way he looks.

Back at you? He's exhausted. He doesn't fucking know you exist in that state. He's gone.

He looks safe since he only really looks absent.

You see. Dad tells him. You don't even have to be there. You don't have to put it all together later. This is proof. You, no matter what you say later, were not there.

Don't think it's too much. Don't you dare be that lazy. That convenient. It's the wrong way forward. You'll jigsaw. Like an idiot does. It's not enough. Don't expand it either. Don't fucking split it. Don't say anything else that takes this apart into sections where you can think through to the wrong kind of truth you think, mistakenly, you say, that you need to understand it. Just so you can say it. Those minutes, when it comes out of your should-be sleeping mouth. Look down like you're smoking a cigarette. Watch the smoke come back up into your face. Not words, not stayed. That's all you need. You're not lost. You're speaking. It makes sense that you're filling up time this way.

I knew that the best way to hurt you was to hurt you like I was hurt. Know that it was no accident. I told SG that it was an accident merely to win her compliance. This is not a confession. My confession was a long time ago. My argument, essentially, your honor, is no argument. I'm just trying to be dramatic like the government. If anyone asks me, I have always said that I killed him intentionally since my arrest.

Not an analogy. Too much of too many years now. And because I'm going to give you its chintzy little name. I'm talking directly at someone with a name that was given to me as a metaphor and I'm stuck with that, the insult that has this little fuckable, literally, stood out front for me as a stand-in for all of the littler less important unfuckables behind him. Fucking miles of them. The look I'd give the dog is from where I had nowhere else to look to. I'm not talking to a dog. I don't care about all the other dogs. There's enough to not bother with. There's endless irritating streams of those cunts asking me for favors, suggesting that I look at the artwork they've created and thinking that their lazy escapes at articulation will seem dirty just enough to talk to me privately while excusing themselves publicly. Your postings of children

in peril. Or nascent sexual stirrings and the obviate refusal to pounce more axiomatically than your dogging picks and sadness, I don't think they're cute and you're particularly interested in knowing what cute spreads open for a few fantastic minutes before you return to made-up drug lessened slaps. One more fuck shows me his green monster cartoons, or tells me where he's doing something better than all the other ones who can noise up, bringing together thoughts that don't have to get monotonously reexamined and fucked down to pulp, how hard it is to live like an artist that is as stupid as anyone else that forgives the advertising in direct conversation rather than in self-obsessed time. You settled for that. That's your way-in. You got someone to talk with, right? You were willing to offer that the same as you'd offer me and expect me to still think you were worth taking advantage of. Looks at the dog, says: You're exceedingly ugly. Because you're as dumb as you are loud and demanding. And I wouldn't do the same.

As I was saying before we took our break... The evidence has indicated that I claimed to have shot accidentally. The evidence really doesn't show that. And in conjunction with that evidence I wanted to point out that everyone tends to lie to children, not something that should be considered to weigh upon my own honesty. The evidence consistently shows that I have been honest and forthcoming. My financial records, my journal entries, nothing has been contradicted. Everything that has been presented before has shown that. And I think that is important. To support that, I would like to point out that the videotape that was shown of Captain Mattos interviewing SG in the hospital where he lies to SG. I'm just simply pointing out what he did was for a reason and that supports what I am saying. I don't think that you should weigh the fact that I lied to SG as an indication of my own character. The government has indicated, based on the evidence, that the letter that was written by DG to SG in relation to the cabin incident and, with other evidence -the mapping and tracking stuff- they were trying to show that I had no intention of bringing the children home. And I didn't. And I think it is pretty clear that I didn't. But for some reason that changed. And I think the evidence supports that also. The government referred to my cross of Dr. Cooper. They indicated that my cross investigation implied that SG's testimony was elaborated. I was simply trying to get her to acknowledge that there are other possibilities. I felt that the truth was more important, it's the most important thing here. I will wrap this up and thank the government for giving me my "eye for an eye," for showing and telling you about my rampage and revenge, helping me take away your hearts and innocence. Im just saying the evidence shows that that is what has been done.

But I won't. Because, despite that, the evidence and my hatred of my journal entries and actions, and despite the heinousness of my crimes and the sickness and the insanity, the evidence shows clearly that, completely contrary to my life experiences, that something happened and that is why I am here. Not because I was caught. But because an 8-year-old girl didn't judge me and I saw the truth.

The dog's name is Bobby. And he comes from being Arnold's younger brother. Comes here this way, cheaper than fuck, because his real name is probably Katie. And Katie's name is attached more importantly over the head of the white man who raped her, murdered her, gave her stiff body back to her parents' favorite funeral home and said, in effect, which is repulsive, her name might as well have been Bobby. You'll see. The one that barely got a hug from his parents while they were consoling each other. Photographed just after nine-year-old Arnold was found with his thin throat slashed in a nigger's hotelroom bathroom. Not one of these little kids have their throats slashed and Arnold wasn't raped. And I've got photographs that their parents didn't take as well. As they should have when they thought that they were documenting something cuter and more common. It is not common. And this is better. Tells the dog.

I'm trying to make this a less creative drift. Struggling to squeeze any quick excuse or apology flat to fuck. I'm trying to stay focused, reductive, define prurience as more reality than process. I'd prefer that I don't lean to where you give an interview explaining by anecdote how you came up with your pain and improvisational girl wishes. I thought your type would be better than that.

Say, a feral dog. Like a soldier would find. A soldier being a sucker, a number, something tried on. A worthless thing that I've made significant by, only, talking about myself. Like what he wanted to do with the dog. And still, all projection, transference, that he could only add up to desperate and I prove the opposite, can't offer anything to anyone. Officially. It's not what you want. I'm guessing. It's all you have, I'm sorry. But the chance that I have to finally, quantifiably, say this is sad because I've insisted. Is what I walk away from. You understand?

Ask the dog: You understand?

Puts his hands on the thing. This is what happens here.

He isn't alone, is he?

Of course not, there's a camera crew. And a couple different jobs going all at once. Insisting further on his numberless, truth be told, murder. Fucking thing doesn't even matter that much.

Murder. Hardly. Please do just shut up.

I think. You understand. That your mother and father shouldn't have allowed you to go. They should have been larger than the job. They needed to step in and take you out of the job you went to when you had nothing else to stop you.

You don't swallow all that shit, do you? Because, here's where we get proof, the part that I'll have to create for you, that if you're really that dumb, worthless animals collected, all that comparative cottoning that you're going to have to fucking cling to, while you're alive and asking for nothing, moron, is going to be more difficult for me than you. In that, I'm going to sound like another asshole. Not quite as bad as you. But pretty fucking stupid nonetheless.

What's bad in that situation?

It doesn't apply, does it?

Maybe it doesn't have to get worse?

Maybe, instead, it doesn't matter enough to worry about. Unless, he looks at the blood now wiped on the dog, you enjoy worrying. I've always thought that I shouldn't want to fuck it. Stay sad about it. Until I wanted to see it that sad. And then ask it, for once, for fuck's sake, can't you just stop pretending. You know, take your medication, forget everything else. There's no grand gestures that are worth you trying for, the dreaming, the private monologue can be enough, just fucking enjoy that, then, will you?

Tells the microphone attached to his collar, that he's more sick than sad. That he's wanting to stop being sad.

You want to stop showing that?

You want to reverse the conversation?

No, I want the talk to stop being wiped all over me.

The last time, let's see, I went through all this.

So, you're doing it again.

Fucking moron.

Looks up. Save me from what, cunt?

So you tell him. Stop acting. And then. Stop acting like you deserve better. Next. Stop acting, again, like there's no answer. Because I just gave you one. Which has nothing to do with what's inside you, first, and what you can't ever understand, second. This, okay, okay, heel, isn't going to make sense if you keep listening to what's misunderstood in only the first place. You don't even get me. You don't get me to have to give you something. You'll be like one of those pigs on film. That I have to listen to repeat how

you like doing this shit. And, apparently, those others out there, not as dumb as you, maybe, like it too.

Don't misbehave.

Tell the doggies. There's something out there looking for purity. You can make that exist. While you pet it. Stupid, very stupid, very ugly, very sad man.

Tells the dog. Speaks outloud anyway: I don't give a fuck about soldiers. I talk about fathers.

They're convenient.

And I do have things that I like.

I didn't have to make you stupid, you understand that, right?

For example. You don't actually remember when learning how to read, do you? You don't recall what it was like to discover that you're very quickly putting enough words together in a row to make sentences that could articulate something finally. You don't remember learning to talk, do you?

What you might remember. Since this is time moving a bit. Is the time it took. To get where you realized you didn't have anything to say. What you would say comes with a shrug and phenomenally aggressive disinterest. So you, you get, what, to offer out, not up, out, what kind of failure, exactly?

Count. Maybe.

Use your fingers.

Someone else wants you.

That'll help. You can talk to me through that. I won't tell that. That that's what you're doing. You should. That's me telling you that. At least.

It's not a pet. That's not what you're doing. Stretching the blood off your hands into its fleas and hair. Wiping your hands dry so you can put your fingers back in your mouth.

Hold your face in your hands.

How do I get these fangs out of its jaws. How do I pull these dirty hard teeth out from the diseased gums where that would be easiest if the entire mouth was infected. How do I hold it down, my boot on its neck, and kick the ratted thing so hard to loosen the teeth and smash that dog head into the ground where it passes out before it dies. Because I'd rather see it, rather not be blind to it, rather figure out what a preference is, in aesthetics such as this, to see it scream exactly like what a dog might howl and fight back at.

This is logical, isn't it?

This won't work unless I kill this fucking dog.

This won't work because killing this dog means, as if it can hold a

significance, a thought only that lasts, that the dog can't walk away hobbled. This won't work unless I poison the dog, shove a metal rod down its throat, have it sick and try to gasp breathe and stop pain from, one, not trying to die above all, two, hurting. Ask me, like a dog would know, to pull the rod out of its stomach. I don't want to listen to something not be able to understand that this is all I have. That, listen, Doll, I only want to watch. I don't want to fuck it. Piss on it. Hold it up to others. I don't want to be blind. I don't want to not be able to see it happen. Not what could happen.

I could keep it. Feed it more medication than food. Watch it exist around my tent, starve and get angry with itself. Still beg without talking. Just by breathing. Continuing to breathe. It would live that way until it became disloyal. I doubt that it could even become disloyal. Or sad.

This is logical. Filial. Most of all.

Malleable. All these old homes are a history of intense, disgusting, easiest malleability.

I'm pretty sure this is how math follows itself only. Katie's cousin something was on the same jail floor as her rapist and murderer. Protecting uncle, would-be, moral con, etched "Katie's Revenge" into the forehead of Katie's rapist. Photos of poor Anthony Stockelman with "Katie's Revenge" cleanly scrawled into his forehead were released. Here's a problem that fucks up my logic. Becoming truth.

Leans down across the dog's back so he could hug it like his old medicated bed partner. I'd rather this not sound conflicted. I'd rather understand what I'm doing, not what little I have. A father who felt, for once, very quickly, that his son was in the same room as him and his fat erection had a place to insist. And the courtroom excuses and social apologies were going to take the place of the first real language any other idiot either wished existed or forced to exist. It's not a language. The dog, like luck, doesn't talk back. Don't bite. Logic suggested I had to remove its teeth and that I could enjoy the part where it was planned for sex and hurt the same exact time it took to remember what it looked like as I felt it like digging a couple extra fingers up and around inside a wet cunt. Because idiot was going to tell you it was stupid enough to want to enjoy it.

Felt what, cunt.

These goons, two prison guards lost their jobs. Because of the photo going public. Emailed to family, foolishly shared by braggarts, floor guards allowed it to happen. And the family coterie weren't prosecuted. Weren't found. Out. Until proof was dispatched and snidely investigated. Proud, dog

cuntlappers took a lifeless photo. Courage, probably said that this was part of what and why this was going to have to happen. And the stupidity of the logically bereft photograph that excites me beyond this dog's teeth and crammed spasming throat, is left to slur rather than delineate. The thumbled morons used a tattoo tool instead of a razor blade. And, in any case, wiped away the blood with the ink so that their handiwork could be photographed and presented. Out. And that they didn't think to use the knife they could have used better to cut to gauge through the rapist of their familial responsibility's eyes and blind him and hurt him while it happened. They'd tell the dog that stood before the jury eliciting more information about the crime and how they remembered it, how they morally planned it and regretted it, winked, that they couldn't help it. They lost themselves. That the man they had down on his knees, then his back, threatened with worse, looked straight on but closed his eyes as he only thought about what this could mean. And they were insulted. So they stabbed his eyes and ripped apart what was connected to his brain. The dog is already retarded, stupid like your autistic child and problem to pay for, and they needed to attack the part that they wanted to hurt more than help. So they started to slash his eyes. And he didn't want to go blind. Because it wasn't memory of sodomizing the little chubby next door neighbor. It was because he wanted to see it. It means very little. As little as the clammy rationale that isn't remembered as well as the art piece that exists now. Which is constant. Unlike the worthlessness of something meaning something current. Was this worth it, he asks the dog, like a dog. C'mere, pet. Such a good boy. Sit. The fuck down.

You know what, dog? You know what I did, dog? You know I'm talking over you, right, dog? Not looking for anything, right, idiot? This is what I did. You know how I found out, little dog? Want to hear these words around your dead ears, dog? Listen to me, dog, Katie, you listen like Katie, dog, you want to know what I did. Ask me about responsibility, dog. You need to insist less and beg more. You need to beg, I mean, that really does make sense. You need to beg. Shameless. No worries. You don't mind, do you, Katie? Listen, Katie, you know from something someone else -what, taught you, bled you- that you are supposed to beg. It's not a problem, obviously, for me. We understand that from all sorts of places, don't we, dog? I'm not at all like you, though, am I? We won't make a mistake, a metaphor, Dad, we won't listen harder to me either, will we?

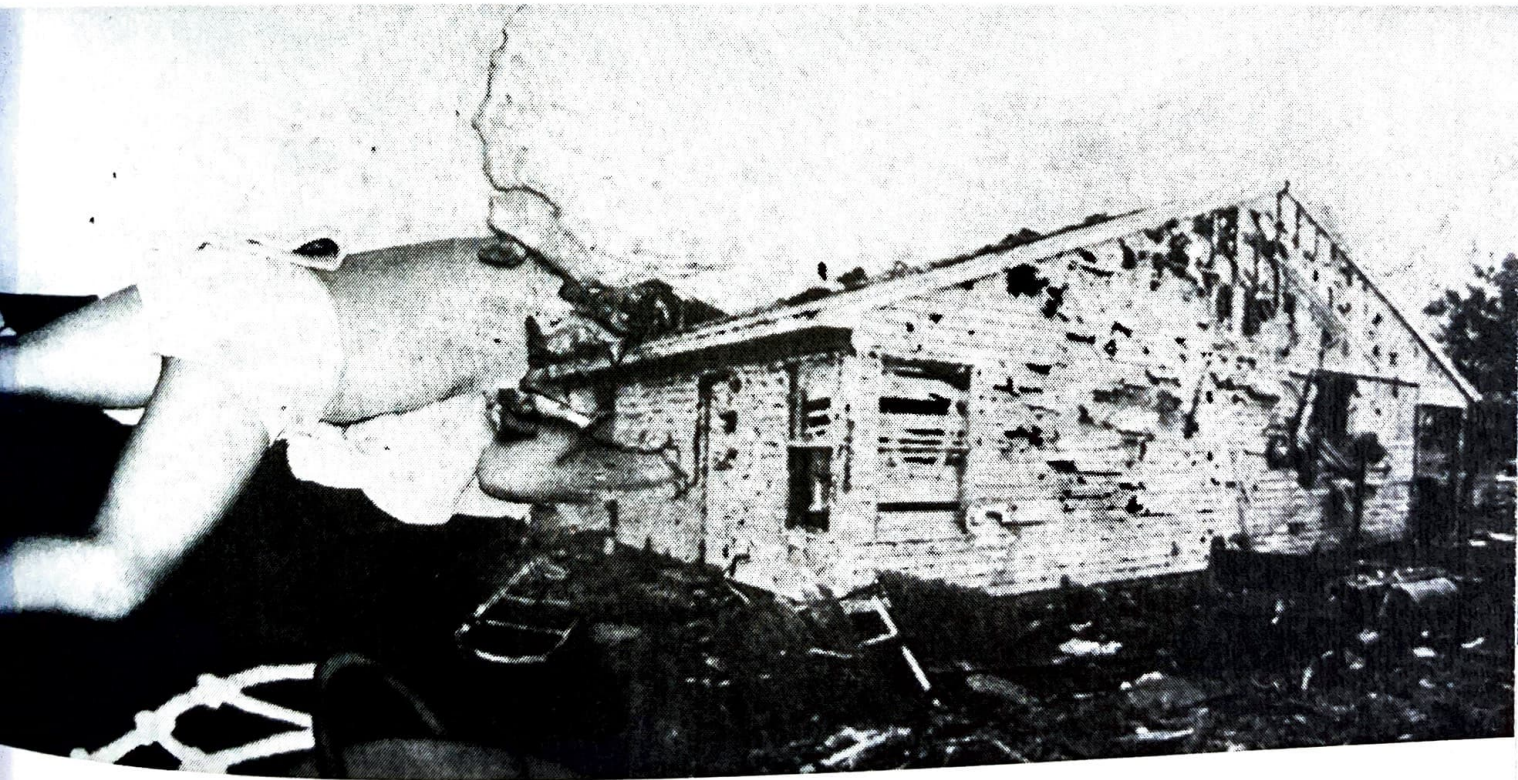
I put the words in others' mouths. Conclusively. No matter what. I'm not responsible. But, fuck, dog, Katie spread sweetly like you have no

idea, I really am responsible for that. Get and have and spit and suck words back and forth and I'm keeping the conversation. But you get to have it too. Shasta, Darling, Katie'd be happy. These men did that for her. She'll never know. You will. It means alot. You'll see.

I'm sorry if I sound like a teenage girl without looking like one.

Boys have more promise, more potential at the age held in these pictures.

No. Not really. Not at this age.



page 202, 204, 243-245:

Artwork by Michael Salerno from the book *Home*





